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INDEPENDENCE:

AN ODE.

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INDEPENDENCE:

AN ODE.

By the Late T. SMOLLET, M. D.

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INDEPENDENCE:

ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT this Poem is authentic we have the beſt Authority: That it has high Merit no one will doubt, who has the ſmalleſt Pretenſion to Taſte. It has all the Enthuſiaſm and poetic Colouring which ſuit the Ode; and it breathes a Spirit of Liberty that would not have diſgraced a Citizen of Sparta, or of Rome.

AN INSCRIPTION

To the Memory of the late Dr. TOBIAS SMOLLET.

This Inſcription was communicated to the Editor by a Gentleman, who tranſcribed it from the Monument which it adorns near Leghorn. It is written by Dr. ARMSTRONG, *the Author of the beautiful Poem on* HEALTH.

Hic oſſa conduntur
Tobiae Smollet, Scoti;
Qui, proſapia generoſa et antiqua natus,
Priſcae virtutis exemplar emicuit;
Aſpectu ingenuo,
Corpore valido,
Pectore animoſo,
Indole apprime benigna,
Et fere ſupra facultates munifica,
Inſignis.
Ingenio feraci, faceto, verſatili,
Omnigenae fere doctrinae mire capaci,
Varia fabularum dulcedine
Vitam moreſque hominum,
Ubertate ſumma ludens, depinxit.
Adverſo, interim, nefas! tali tantoque alumno,
Niſi quo ſatyrae opipare ſupplebat,
Seculo impio, ignavo, fatuo,
Quo muſae vix niſi nothae
Mecaenatulis Britannicis
Fovebantur.
In memoriam
Optimi et amabilis omnino viri,
Permultis amicis deſiderati,
Hocce marmor,
Dilectiſſima ſimul et amantiſſima conjux
L. M.
Sacravit.

INDEPENDENCE:

AN ODE.

STROPHE.

THY Spirit, INDEPENDENCE, let me ſhare!
Lord of the Lion-Heart and Eagle-Eye,
Thy Steps I follow with my Boſom bare,
Nor heed the Storm that howls along the Sky.
Deep in the frozen Regions of the North,
A Goddeſs violated brought thee forth,

Immortal

Immortal Liberty, whoſe look ſublime
Hath blanch'd the Tyrant's Cheek in every varying Clime.
What Time the iron-hearted Gaul
With frantic Superſtition for his Guide,
Armed with the Dagger and the Pall,
The Sons of Woden to the Field defy'd:
The ruthleſs Hag, by Weſer's flood,
In Heaven's Name urg'd the infernal Blow;
And red the Stream began to flow:
The vanquiſh'd were baptiz'd with Blood †!

† *Baptiz'd with Blood*—] Charlemagne obliged Four Thouſand Saxon Priſoners to embrace the Chriſtian Religion, and immediately after they were baptized, ordered their Throats to be cut. Their Prince Vitikind fled for Shelter to Gotrick King of Denmark.

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon Prince in Horror fled
From Altars ſtain'd with human Gore;
And Liberty his routed Legions led
In Safety to the bleak Norwegian Shore.
There in a Cave aſleep ſhe lay,
Lull'd by the hoarſe-reſounding Main;
When a bold Savage paſt that Way,
Impell'd by Deſtiny, his Name *Diſdain*.
Of ample Front the portly Chief appear'd:
The hunted Bear ſupplied a ſhaggy Veſt;
The drifted Snow hung on his yellow Beard;
And his broad Shoulders brav'd the furious Blaſt.

He ſtopt; he gazed; his Boſom glow'd,
And deeply felt th' Impreſſion of her Charms:
He ſeiz'd the Advantage Fate allow'd;
And ſtraight compreſs'd her in his vigorous Arms.

STROPHE.

The Curlieu ſcreamed; the Tritons blew
Their Shells to celebrate the raviſh'd Rite;
Old Time exulted as he flew:
And INDEPENDENCE ſaw the Light.
The Light he ſaw in Albion's happy Plains,
Where under Cover of a flowering Thorn,
While Philomel renew'd her warbled Strains,
Th' auſpicious Fruit of ſtol'n Embrace was born.

The

The Mountain Dryads ſeiz'd with Joy,
The ſmiling Infant to their Charge conſign'd;
The Doric Muſe careſs'd the favourite Boy;
The Hermit *Wiſdom* ſtor'd his opening Mind.
As rolling Years matur'd his Age,
He flouriſh'd bold and ſinewy as his Sire;
While the mild Paſſions in his Breaſt aſſuage
The fiercer Flames of his maternal Fire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accompliſh'd thus, he wing'd his Way,
And zealous rov'd from Pole to Pole,
The Rolls of Right eternal to diſplay,
And warm with Patriot Thoughts the aſpiring Soul.

On desart Isles * 'twas he that rais'd
Those Spires that gild the Adriatic Wave,
Where Tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair Freedom's Temple, where he mark'd her Grave.
He steel'd the blunt Batavian's Arms
To burst the Iberian's double Chain †;
And Cities rear'd, and planted Farms,
Won from the Skirts of Neptune's wide Domain.

* *On desart Isles*—] Although Venice was built a considerable Time before the Æra here assigned for the Birth of INDEPENDENCE, the Republic had not yet attained to any great Degree of Power and Splendor.

† *To burst the Iberian's double Chain.*] The Low Countries were not only oppressed by grievous Taxations, but likewise threatened with the Establishment of the Inquisition, when the Seven Provinces revolted, and shook off the Yoke of Spain.

He,

He, with the generous Ruſtics, ſate
On Uri's Rocks in cloſe Divan *;
And wing'd that Arrow ſure as Fate,
Which aſcertain'd the ſacred Rights of Man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's ſcorching Sands he croſt †,
Where blaſted Nature pants ſupine,
Conductor of her Tribes aduſt,
To Freedom's adamantine Shrine;

* *On Uri's Rocks*—] Alluding to the known Story of William Tell and his Aſſociates, the Fathers and Founders of the Confederacy of the Swiſs Cantons.

† *Arabia's ſcorching Sands*—] The Arabs, rather than reſign their Independency, have often abandoned their Habitations, and encountered all the Horrors of the Deſart.

And many a Tartar Hord forlorn, aghaſt *,
He ſnatch'd from under fell Oppreſſion's Wing;
And taught, amidſt the dreary Waſte,
Th'-all-chearing Hymns of Liberty to ſing.
He Virtue finds, like precious Ore,
Diffus'd through every baſer Mould;
Even now he ſtands on Calvi's rocky Shore,
And turns the Droſs of Corſica to Gold †.

* *And many a Tartar Hord*—] From the Tyranny of Jenghis-Khan, Timur-Bec, and other eaſtern Conquerors, whole Tribes of Tartars were uſed to fly into the remoter Waſtes of Cathay, where no Army could follow them.

† *And turns the Droſs of Corſica*—] The noble Stand made by Paſchal Paoli and his Aſſociates againſt the Uſurpation of the French King, muſt endear them to all the Sons of Liberty and Independence.

He,

He, Guardian Genius, taught my Youth
Pomp's tinſel Livery to deſpiſe:
My Lips, by him chaſtis'd to Truth,
Ne'er paid that Homage which the Heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thoſe ſculptur'd Halls my Feet ſhall never tread,
Where varniſh'd Vice and Vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and ſeduce, their Banners ſpread,
And forge vile Shackles for the free-born Mind.
Where Inſolence his wrinkled Front uprears;
And all the Flowers of ſpurious Fancy blow;
And Title his ill-woven Chaplet wears,
Full often wreath'd around the Miſcreant's Brow:

Wherever

Wherever dimpling Falſhood, pert and vain,
Preſents her Cup of ſtale Profeſſion's Froth;
And pale Diſeaſe, with all his bloated Train,
Torments the Sons of Gluttony and Sloth.

STROPHE.

In Fortune's Car behold that Minion ride,
With either India's glittering Spoils oppreſt:
So moves the Sumpter-Mule, in harneſs'd Pride,
That bears the Treaſure which he cannot taſte.
For him let venal Bards diſgrace the Bay;
And hireling Minſtrels wake the tinkling String;
Her ſenſual Snares let faithleſs Pleaſure lay;
And all her gingling Bells fantaſtic Folly ring:

Diſquiet,

Diſquiet, Doubt, and Dread ſhall intervene;
And Nature, ſtill to all her Feelings juſt,
In Vengeance hang a damp on every Scene,
Shook from the baleful Pinions of Diſguſt.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her ſequeſter'd Haunts,
By Mountain, Meadow, Streamlet, Grove, or Cell,
Where the pois'd Lark his Evening Ditty chaunts,
And Health, and Peace, and Contemplation dwell.
There, Study ſhall with Solitude recline;
And Friendſhip pledge me to his Fellow-Swains;
And Toil and Temperance ſedately twine
The ſlender chord that fluttering Life ſuſtains:

And fearleſs Poverty ſhall guard the Door;
And Taſte unſpoil'd the frugal Table ſpread;
And Induſtry ſupply the humble Store;
And Sleep unbrib'd his Dews refreſhing ſhed:
White-mantl'd Innocence, etherial Spright,
Shall chace far off the Goblins of the Night:
And INDEPENDENCE o'er the Day preſide;
Propitious Power! my Patron and my Pride.

FINIS.

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